Jos. M. Freedman, Atty,
Lyceum Theatre Building
Memphis,
Tenn.

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My darling Joe: —

Waited for the mail carrier this morning and am as happy as can be — that I did. "It" in one week! Oh! Joe! it is wonderful! Wonderful! It is keeps up. Joe, you'll be a millionaire before you know it. I am so happy over it — and so proud of you — and I wish so much that I could see you, if only for a few minutes, to speak with you. Aren't you, too, happy?

You have asked me what I have been doing. Well this morning started rather peculiarly. — Got up, dressed, had breakfast, rushed for my train, just made it, panted for

dept; who is really a dear; but found that she was attending some meeting. So I took me a walk to the reservation to see the Tuberculear Boat. It is an old ferry boat, that has seen better day about a century ago. But the weather was to ideal to even go visiting in this curious looking thing that made you feel, I wonder what tales could be told about it! Instead, I sat me down on one of the benches and thought - and thought as I looked out on the water. Thought of what and whom? oh, you and the little trip to the Aquarium - it was so recent yet it seems so long - long ago, doesn't it? And here I again pulled out your letters and reread them from the a few minutes and then pulled out your letter, read it, reread it, and thought about you — and I think read it a few more times. Got off at the bridge and ran for the 3rd ave L. train with my ticket in my hand. Heard the gong and ran all the harder to have the gate closed in my face. Doesn't this remind you of the continuous U. of hurry and bustle! What a disappointed feeling when after you have run, and run, and run you get there just in time to hear the gong and the train pulling out! Now, when I think of it I laugh! But seriously, I tell you how I spent my lunch hour - I had intentions of calling on Miss Wadley, the head lady of the Social Service

million th time. I almost felt as though you were with me, and wished with all my heart that you were, until finally I realized how late it was getting, and ran (again) to the dining room. Now, here I am after dispensing about 200 Rx, sitting down for about ½ hour to rest — and to think of you and to write. If my letters sound muddled and scratched up, Joe dear, you'll know why — for it seems everyone is calling and asking questions at once and just when I sit down to write. Yet, I know positively that by writing now, you'll get the letter within two days, while if I wait until I reach home, it sometimes misses the last mail. Am writing everyday now, so remember your promise and don't your dear become blue.

Lovingly
Your sweetheart Frances